

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1807.

[NUMBER XXXVII]

OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION.

(Concluded from Page 282.)

AT a masquerade, during the carnival, I met with a lady of my acquaintance, a young, and a very handsome woman; but what terms can express the charms with which she was on that day adorned! No, never did I see such brilliancy, such vivacity; never did I behold a physiognomy more open, more interesting, more animated eyes, a more sweetly smiling mouth. It was not the same person, but one of those airy nymphs with whom the voluptuous imagination of the poets has embellished the banks of the Eurotas. All eyes were fixed upon her. What was the reason of this extraordinary change? A dress proscribed by custom for several years, the wearing of which, nothing but the carnival could then sanction. A simple shepherdess' hat of white straw, placed rather backward on the head, a tuft of flowers, hair gracefully flowing—such was the talisman that created these "new charms in Zephirina!" "What a pity" said I, coming up to her, "that you cannot always wear a hat which becomes you so well!" "At any other time than a masquerade," said she, smiling, "I should be thought ridiculous." "I know it," replied I, "but then how handsome you would look!"

Hence it appears that there are extremely pleasing fashions, which custom absolutely proscribes, and that there are others equally ridiculous which its absolute power condemns the fair sex to follow.

A few days afterwards, I met Zephi-

rina, but, alas! how changed! she was no longer the same woman. Under the dark contour of a deep and unlucky hat, her beauty was totally extinguished; her brow no longer exhibited that graceful display which is so well adapted to youth; her eyes had lost their lustre; her head had not the harmonious accompaniment of an elegant dress; the frolic train of sports and loves no longer played in the moving ringlets of her flowing hair: in a word, Zephirina attracted not the fascinated eyes of men, but Zephirina was dressed after the fashion of the day. Custom, then, would not permit her to appear more handsome.

There are, indisputably, charming fashions, authorized by good taste; but, in every thing, there is a perfection, that is, a point which good taste cannot pass without losing its way. As soon as this perfection is attained, no change can be made without removing farther from it; and this is exactly our case.

To the honour of the female Parisians, I must say, that about five years since, they had attained the degree of perfection of which I am speaking. Their dress at that time combined simplicity, elegance, good taste, and gracefulness. They exhibited to us an image of those lovely Grecian women, whose charms are celebrated in history. Their garments seemed to have been designed by the pencil of the Graces, and their head-dress was at once simple and noble.

Why has the genius of inconstancy obliged the sex to abandon so seducing a costume? Custom, you know, requires change, they have therefore changed in

compliance with its dictates. Every day, introducing a new fashion, has destroyed a charm; every day has beheld a grace supplanted by something ridiculous, and caprice has succeeded good taste.

The sex cannot be too thoroughly convinced that absurdity kills taste, and that simplicity will always have just claims to embellish even beauty itself. The caprice of fashion, so far from increasing the influence which women pretend to exercise over our sex, only serve very often to render them ridiculous or ugly. I will mention but one example out of a thousand. Ought not the figure of the head to be oval? Should not every thing which alters this figure, be considered as detracting from nature? What then are we to think of those bonnets that project both before and behind, and give the head of a woman, seen in profile, the form of a hammer! Have savages ever invented any thing more ridiculous?

The time when the women of Greece acted such a distinguished part, when they received the homage of the greatest men, was when the simplicity of their dress harmonized with the perfection of their charms. Their heads were not then overloaded with a vain luxury of useless ornaments; their long dark hair fell in undulating ringlets on their shoulders, or a simple gold pin turned them up with taste, and fastened their brilliant tresses. In the cities they always went with their heads uncovered: had they occasion to expose themselves to the beams of the sun, then, indeed, a Thesalian hat protected their complexion, without giving offence to taste.

I must not conclude this chapter with-



out shewing how obscure, vile, disgusting, or atrocious, the origin of many of our fashions has been. Circumstances of every kind have furnished some fashion or other, and things which only tended to perpetuate the remembrance of fatal accidents, have been adopted for dress. Thus, the opera house, having been formerly consumed by a fire, in which a great number of unfortunate people lost their lives, a few days afterwards no other colour was to be seen but that called *feu d'opera*. They dressed themselves out with the recollection of human creatures burned alive! But the *feu d'opera* was a handsome colour! Have we not seen women wearing in which were set stones of the Bastille? These they called *bijoux a la constitution*. But what is all this, in comparison with what follows! My pen almost refuses to record the atrocious fashion—women have worn in their ears golden guillotines! What then is fashion!

But enough of these horrid subjects! Fashion has seldom exhibited this degree of atrocity; but how often has she not appeared abject and debased! Have we not seen her raking even in filth, to pick up the brilliant chimeras which governed the opinion, and seduced the sex! The soft colour of the heavens, the carnation of the rose, or the verdant carpet of our meads had grown too common, and were left for the lower classes. The mud of Paris, the soot of our chimneys, and the rags of Savoyards became the fashionable colours. Finally, have we not seen, and this undoubtedly is the height of ignominy, have we not seen the fair sex seeking the colour of their ribbons in the very excrement of the royal infant? The colours *caca dauphin* adorned every dress, and this word, which I cannot now write, without repugnance, was then in the mouths of all the best bred women! What a ridiculous taste, that would attempt to dress beauty in disgusting images! With this stroke of the pencil, ladies, I shall finish the picture of fashion.

The following observations on the Fashions, for May, 1807, are from Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine. We trust they will prove acceptable to our fair readers.

At this season of fashionable festivity, when pleasure dances on the wings of time—when the magic influence of taste and *ton*, aid the enchanting witcheries of the Loves and the Graces; and nature and beauty disdain not to pay homage at the shrine of genius and art, the triumph of the goddess is complete—she mounts her airy car, wields her sceptre of rainbow hue, exulting in the splendour of her train. Routs, balls, and operas, pic-nics, plays, and sumptuous dinners, are but tests of her popularity, and existing specimens of her all powerful dominion.

It would greatly exceed our limits, were we to enter into a minute detail of every particular, and varied article which the vivid fancy of each fashionable fair displays. So multiplied are their forms, so diversified their style and hue, that it is only by the most careful attention, that we complete a regular and tasteful selection. But we have pledged ourselves to our fair correspondents on this head, and exulting in their suffrage, and anxious of their approbation, we enter on our task with alacrity and pleasure.

Since the introduction of the Polish pelise, we have remarked nothing particularly new in the formation of this article of attire. The texture of which they are now composed, is almost exclusively of twill sarsnet; but various alterations have taken place in the ornamental part of them. The long flowing ribbon is laid aside; the high collar is seldom seen; and the simple folded vest had banished (amidst the most distinguished females) the chimesette of antecedent date. The loose flowing opera coat, with deep pelerine cape, the Polish robe, and the Hibernian vest, as given in our last number, are selected by the most fashionable fair: but these are chiefly formed of sarsnets, quite plain, the skin trimmings being on the decline. The colours commonly chosen

are shaded dove browns, lined with persians, tastefully contrasted. We have lately seen one of silver-dove sarsnet, lined throughout with pale pink, and another of light brown, shot with amber, and lined with a Persian of the latter colour. Hats and bonnets are still worn of correspondent materials; nor do we know of any other at this season, which could be adopted so consistent, and unobtrusively elegant. With females of rank and taste, these articles are generally confined to the three following orders: the Beresford hat, the peasant's bonnet, and equestrian hat. The latter is given in one of our prints of fashion for the last month. The two former are more novel, but not more distinguishable. The throat is now universally covered in the morning costume; and those who have not yet adopted the high Parisian chemise, (or morning wrap) wear the new habit shirt, which is sometimes formed to unite in front, with a high-rounded collar, richly embroidered, and trimmed at the edge with very narrow net; at others, the shirt is finished with buttons on the shoulder, and the collar cut so as to sit close round the chin, and high at the ears: but in either case, lace and work is let in at all points, and in caps, bottoms of dresses, petticoats, and sleeves, this ornament is always seen. Indeed, we never recollect a period when needle-work was so universally fashionable: and lamenting (as must every considerate individual) on the few occupations left for the female of fallen fortune, we cannot but give credit to our amiable countrywomen, who thus judiciously unite *humanity* with elegance and taste. Short dresses of crape, or clear muslin, with long sleeves of lace, are now admitted in the evening costume; and, strange to say, are often seen in full dress! We cannot by any means subscribe to a fashion which destroys that distinguished uniformity, the acknowledged attendant on a correct taste. A short skirt in full dress must ever be a marked inconsistency; except expressly designed for dancing. The *train*, however inconvenient, and inimical to the approach of surround-



ing *beaus*, gives much dignity and grace to the figure ; if banished from the drawing room, the *coup d'oeil* is destroyed. The exposition of the back and shoulders is still universal in the evening costume ; but we think the bosom of dresses are a little advanced of late. The simple wrap fronts, commencing immediately at the corner of the bosom, and finished at the edge with a trimming, corresponding with that of the dress, is again revived, and is remarkable amidst the peasant's waist, and square-gored front, which contend with it for popularity. Those whose judgment reject the long sleeve for the evening, or full dress, wear the sleeve very short ; sometimes we observe a plain frock sleeve of satin, with a high cuff of lace, trimmed at the edge with a plaited net, beads, bugles, foil, or silver, as may best unite with the dress. The Spanish, or slashed sleeve, is also very new, and a sleeve, formed in shell-scollops, over white satin, has a chaste and elegant effect. A dress of white crape, ornamented with steel beads, and the Russian husar cap, with Polish plume, scattered with steel dust, is amidst the splendid novelties of the season. This dress attracted universal attention at the Marchioness of H's last grand assembly. The shawl dress is a most select and tasteful attire, and is usually worn with a white satin or sarsnet slip ; muslin, or crape round dresses, trimmed with silver or gold velvet ribbons, in white or colours, has a most animated appearance. We observed one of these dresses, with the ribbon laid in waved stripes, at regular distances from the bottom of the waist ; the effect was attractive and elegant. The home costume, or half dress, (on relinquishing the morning attire) is usually composed of muslin, of divers kinds ; plain coloured sarsnets, or Italian crapes. They are chiefly formed in simple round dresses, with wrap front ; or the peasant's jacket and petticoat, with trimmings of needlework, or ribbon.

The hair exhibits little variety since our last communication. The Grecian

style continues as yet unrivalled ; but ringlets are often seen flowing irregularly from various points, but chiefly from the left temple : bands are partially admitted. The plait is too general to be ranked with select delineation ; and no female now wears her hair without ornaments. The embroidered cap, *a-la Paysanne*, simply tied under the chin, with a ribbon corresponding with its lining, and ornamented with a bunch of wild roses, forms a head-dress of much attraction and simplicity. *Demi-wreaths* of frosted flowers, are also selected, and are an ornament generally becoming : but for unobtrusive neatness, and unstudied grace, the half-handkerchiefs of lace, in white, or colours, embroidered in white, gold, or silver, admits of no competitor : they must ever be considered an ornament of much attraction, and only require a little judgment in their disposition to give an advantageous effect. The coronet, *a-la Cleopatra*, formed of diamonds and rubies, is a new and splendid ornament for the front of the hair, and is frequently worn with the half-handkerchief. Indeed the diadem and tiara, together with bandeaus of steel, gold, and foil, rank amidst the fashionable ornaments of the season.

Trinkets continue, with some few additions, on par with our last report. Necklaces of diamonds, or other precious stones consist of one row, very large in the centre, and gradually decreasing in size towards the ends ; they are generally set transparent. With these necklaces, the ear-ring is shaped in a small pear form ; but is otherwise in the style of a hoop, or octagon, of dimensions larger than we ever remember them. The cable-necklace, with *patent snaps*, in form of a female, in pearl or beads, with bracelets to correspond, is a new and very attractive ornament. The armlet is universally of hair, or a broad gold hoop ; sometimes the hair is interwoven with pearl, or steel beads. Dress shoes are of white satin, jean, or kid, either plain, embroidered, or painted ; undress, of brown, or dove

kid. White kid gloves form an indispensable part of full dress ; York tan, or Limerick, is most esteemed on other occasions ; but in this article, the taste of the wearer is in general a sufficient guide. The prevailing colours are shaded dove, pink, jonquille, violet, and morone.

#### EFFECT OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS.

A FEW years ago some French philosophers made a concert for the national elephants, to try their taste for music. The same thing had been done forty years before them, by John Wesley. "I thought," says he, "it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try whether this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the tower with one who plays on the German flute ; he began playing near four or five lions ; only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention ; meantime a tyger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for it all ? — Where is the mystery ? Animals are affected by music just as men are who know nothing of the theory, and like men, some have musical ears, and some have not. One dog will howl at a flute or a trumpet, while another is perfectly indifferent to it. This howling is probably not the effect of pain, as the animal shews no mark of displeasure ; he seems to mean it as a vocal accompaniment.

An importunate beggar went to a miser, and asked him for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. 'My friend,' said the miser, 'as thy end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing, for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift.'



Communicated for the Lady's Miscellany.

### THE GOOD SORT OF MAN;

A MORAL TALE,  
OR A SCANDALOUS HISTORY.

I HAVE just learnt the death of poor Theodore; I am sorry for it: I knew him well, he was a *good sort of man*. During his whole life, he neither thought, nor said, nor did any thing, but what he believed would please the persons with whom he lived. He was born with one of those supple flexible dispositions, which receive all impressions without retaining any. His imagination was gay, lively, and sensible; every thing was painted in it, and reflected with agreeable colours. He seemed to interest himself in every occurrence, to love those people with whom he conversed; he was himself interesting, was beloved, or at least was thought to be so.

He possessed every taste, without any passions. He had wit, intelligence, and all which is necessary to judge accurately of men and things; but his principles were only in his head, and none of them had taken root in his heart; they neither regulated his sentiments, nor influenced his conduct.

He had the talent of satire; but he never made use of it against his friends, except in their absence; and then only to amuse, but never to hurt.

He was always ready to sacrifice his opinion, his tastes, and his sentiments to those of others; he did not think that the vanity of defending his meaning about trifles, was worth the trouble of contradicting. He did not pique himself upon having more wit than another, and every one thought him very witty. He pretended to nothing but to be a sociable man, and every body allowed him that merit.

His character appeared in his childhood; its facility rendered him docile to the lessons of his teachers, from which he profited greatly; he appeared early in

the world, with all the advantages of wit, person, politeness, and talents.

The most fashionable women were eager to please him, and easily succeeded. Not one could fix him; but his infidelities, and even his indiscretions, were readily pardoned. However, the attentions which the ladies exacted, laid him under restraints which soon repulsed him. He then frequented the complaisant beauties of the capital. He was much pleased at the facility of this traffick; but his pleasures were not always pure, as he experienced some bitterness in the pursuit.

His constitution was delicate, notwithstanding which, he eat and drank like the most robust men. He would not disturb the gaiety of an agreeable supper, by a misplaced sobriety, which is always either ridiculous or troublesome.

Roving from pleasure to pleasure, he soon found his health impaired, and his fortune shattered. He was advised to marry; he was sensible he ought to do so, and set about following that advice.

He had inspired a young widow with a real passion. Adelaide was beautiful and interesting, and he loved her as much as he could love any one. This lady had sacrificed much to the hopes he had given her of marrying her; but she was not rich; his affairs were deranged, and he considered he might re-establish them by a good marriage. The daughter of an opulent man was offered. He had some scruples as to the distress which Adelaide would feel from his desertion, but his friends thought such delicacy ridiculous, he thought so too, and married the rich heiress. The tender widow retired into a convent, where she shortly after died of grief and disappointment. Theodore was sincerely afflicted, for he was a *good sort of man*.

His wife was handsome and ingenious, she loved him as a young girl generally loves her husband when she does not hate

him. Theodore thought himself obliged through decency, as well as for his own ease, to moderate that sensation; he treated the caresses, the jealousies, and the little exigencies of his wife, as childish follies: he told her they ought to live together like reasonable beings. This immediately made her miserable. One of their common friends attempted to dissipate her chagrin, and somewhat calmed her. Twenty more comforters succeeded each other in a twelve month, and perfectly consoled her. Theodore found himself much at his ease, he saw himself successively the father of two sons, and a daughter, whom he brought up as well as he could; but the concatenation of pleasures, and the duties of society, did not permit him to attend to their education; and the dissipations of his wife, together with his own, added to his insuperable aversion to all order and regularity, reduced his fortune to a state which did not allow him to procure the necessary means for their instruction.

At last his wife, led astray by the want of multiplying and varying her consolations, happened to engage in an intrigue which made so much noise, that she was forced to enter into a convent with her daughter, who there took the veil, in order to save her father the trouble of getting her married. The two sons, almost strangers to their father, were a little too well known to the public. Theodore, obliged to abandon his estates to his creditors, and retire from the great world, where he could no longer show himself, lived a few years in very bad company; poor, and burthened with infirmities, forgotten by all those honest people to whom he had devoted his life, his reputation, and his fortune; and who, when he was mentioned, said, "He was a charming man! 'tis a pity one can see him no more!"

In short, he died before he was fifty, of the consequences of his profligacy abandoned by his wife, by his children, by his friends, and by his servants. Theodore was, however, a *good sort of man*.



*From the Emerald.*

**"'TIS THE FASHION!"**

THE exclamation of prattling folly, and constantly reiterated by the thousand votaries who are fascinated by the sound of her rattle—*Fashion!*—'Tis the transpicious veil through which the unblushing front of absurdity is virtue, and beneath which, vice assays to hide half her deformity—*Fashion!* The banner round which the idle, the vain, and the thoughtless eagerly rally, and to which even those whom reason enlightens, are sometimes dragged in chains, like the conscripts of France to the oriflam of his Imperial Majesty.—*Fashion!*—'Tis "the plague of wise men—the idol of fools."

We are told that "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety," and it is perhaps from this impression that one half the world blindly follows the other, whether it pursue rectitude, or wander in error. It should not be forgotten however, that it is possible to "follow a multitude to do evil." It is therefore a ridiculous advocacy of wrong to assert that every body does it.

Narcissa, when she neglects her domestic arrangements, to saunter through half the shops in town, in viewing gewgaws which she does not want, and does not mean to purchase, should remember that to gratify curiosity at the expense of duty, is like throwing away a diamond to gain a pebble. Let the laces "by the Galen," and the ribbons by the "Romeo" remain quietly behind the counter, unless a better reason can be assigned for disturbing them, than "'tis the fashion" to have seen the newest goods.

I stopped a few days since at the house of my neighbour Gimblet, and found his daughter seated at a piano-forte, while her mother was at the wash-tub in the opposite corner, and the sound of saws and hammers was distinctly heard from the embryo drawing room adjoining, which

is at present a work shop. I could not help expressing to the fond mother my surprise at the introduction of such furniture into *her* house, but the good woman was astonished that I did not know that every body's daughter has them, and that music was "all the fashion."

Young Dimity has kept a shop this twelvemonth, and when he commenced business, *owned*—at least, his *yard-stick*. He now sports his horse and gig; and no man of his standing, bowls or bets with more spirit. Call at his shop in the afternoon, "Mr. Dimity has gone to ride;" expostulate with him in the morning, "'tis the fashion to enjoy one's self!"

The circle of hospitality is a magic circle. The guests of hospitality should be Freedom and Cheerfulness. A dinner party, however, at the present day, is not dictated by the former, nor does it produce the latter. Ask Pomposus why he assembles dozens at his board to glut themselves on his viands, and become inebriated by his wines; he will not tell you it is to display the costliness of the one, or draw praises of the other, neither can he truly say he derives pleasure from the feast; but he has received dinners from his friends, "'tis the fashion" to return them.

With a mind which literature has adorned, and experience has enlightened, Modestus follows in the track which glaring folly distinguishes. Although he detests gambling, and all its attendant vices, he voluntarily seats himself at the loo table, even when he knows the play will be deep, and that whether success or ill luck attend him, to-morrow's reflection will render reminiscence painful. Throw the cards into the fire, Modestus, and exhibit to those companions who look up to you for example, that energy of character which rises above the petty follies of the many, and can frown absurdity and vice into obscurity, even when in *fashion*.

The Wanderer has recommended deference to public opinion; he has sug-

gested to his readers the propriety of accommodating themselves in some degree to the views and wishes of others. "Civility is a debt which every individual in society has a right to exact." But he has also applauded "that inflexibility of mind which adheres invariably to its own determinations, and demands respect," and he never can be drilled into admiration of stupidity, error, and vice, *because*, to repeat the expression of his crispy correspondent, Mistress Mary Modish, "*because 'tis the fashion.*"

**ON FEMALE CHARMS.**

THE finest features, ranged in the most exact symetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be viewed without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has been allowed the pre-eminence; and the reason why, is evident. Dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; he tells you it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a softness, a sweetness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation, which connects beauty



with sentiment, and expresses a claim which is no peculiar set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies, as expressions of meekness and kindness vary, with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient suffering, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or grief, it is almost irresistible.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### SELECTIONS.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

Is said "to have died with his sword in his hand, the word of command in his mouth, and victory in his imagination."

### A KISS.

The Northern Summer mentions the following little circumstance.

"A young officer of the imperial guards approached a lady, and kissed her hand, and as he raised his head, the lady kissed his cheek: It is the custom in Russia. The salutation was the most graceful I ever witnessed. It was politeness improved by the most charming gallantry; bows, curties, and salams, are isicles to it. While France furnishes us with caps and bonnets, and Egypt with dusky side boards, may the Russians fix the universal mode of friendly meeting between the sexes forever, and forever.

### SEDUCTION.

How abandoned is that heart which beguiles the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance! Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory?

Sterne.

### DOGS.

THERE is a chapter in one of our metaphysical writers, shewing how dogs make syllogisms. The illustration is decisive. A dog loses sight of his master, and follows him by scent till the road branches into three: he smells at the first and at the second, and then, without smelling farther, gallops along the third. That animals should be found to possess in perfection every faculty which is necessary for their well being, is nothing wonderful; the wonder would be if they did not: but they sometimes display a reach of intellect beyond this.

For instance—dogs have a sense of time, so as to count the days of the week. My grandmother had one, who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the chambers. I know another more extraordinary, and well authenticated example: A dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday; The Irishman had made him as good a catholic as he was himself. This dog never forsook the sick bed of his late master, and, when he was dead, refused to eat, and died also.

### TOUCHING FOR THE EVIL.

The following public notice was issued by Charles II. May 18, 1664.

His sacred Majesty having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to the town in the interim, and lose their labour,

A THIEF, having stolen a cup out of a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander asked what was the matter. "Nothing; a poor fellow has only taken a cup too much."

Mrs. S——, of faro memory, was reproaching her daughter with her frequent disappointments, in not having been able to get married. Ah, child! said she, if you had played your cards as I have done, you would have got off long ago. Ah, mother! she replied, I *should* have got off long ago, if if you had not played your cards at all.

A COWARDLY fellow, much given to *apparent* courage, or boasting, (as most cowards are) having spoken impertinently to a gentleman, received a violent box of the ear. Summoning his most authoritative tone, he demanded whether that was meant in *earnest*. 'Yes, Sir,' replied the other, without hesitation. The coward thinking he should have frightened him, now turned away, saying, 'I am glad of it, Sir, for I do not like such *jeers*.'

FOOTE and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter what he should do with a light guinea he had. 'Pshaw! it is worth nothing,' said Garrick, 'fling it to the devil.' 'Well, David,' replied Foote, 'you are still what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man.'

THE tradesmen of a certain great man, or scoundrel, having dunned him for a long time, he desired his servant, one morning, to admit the taylor, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance, "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you, therefore I take this opportunity to tell you, that I'll be d——d if ever I pay you a farthing! Now go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here.—As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom I have no affection, and they may come as often as they chuse."



**THE FAMISHED MOTHER.**

LOUD, loud blows the wind on the moor,  
And chill is my path thro' the snow,  
An outcast, unfriended, and poor,  
O'er the face of the wide world I go.

Hush, hush, my sweet babe! for thy cry  
Is more than my anguish can bear;  
O God! will thy merciful eye  
Not look on my frantic despair?

At the door of the rich man I knock'd,  
For plenty was written thereon;  
But the rich man my poverty mock'd,  
And tauntingly bid me begone.

Cold, cold is thy bosom, O clay!  
But colder the hard heart of pride;  
No tear for the wretched have they  
Who sail on prosperity's tide.

The passenger witness'd my grief,  
And he told me he pitied my sigh,  
But I spurn'd at his proffer'd relief,  
For low'd was the glance of his eye.

My steps by a banquet-house pass'd,  
Where guests enter'd joyous and free,  
I shrank at the winterly blast,  
But there was no entrance for me.

Thro' the night, and the storm, and the cold,  
Must I and my little one roam;  
But e'er many moments are told,  
Shall we both reach a last quiet home.

Cease, baby, thy screaming so wild,  
There! creep to this half-frozen breast—  
And now will the mother and child  
Lie down on the deep snows to rest.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

**A PUN.**

JACK Dash, in town a first rate beau,  
Some time ago,  
For near a month had never ventured out;  
'Twas wise—for Jack was poor, and what he  
spoke it,

Was—that he had no money in his pocket,  
And therefore was not quite prepar'd to meet  
A friend of his, who sily in the street,  
To tap him on the shoulder lurk'd about.

A doctor's widow, hard by,  
Who much delighted in his company,  
(For Jack, to please the ladies had the skill)

Began to think him ill—

So sent her servant Thomas, to assure him,  
That if, by fell disease he was assail'd,  
And would but tell her freely what he ail'd,  
She'd get some draughts, that very soon should  
cure him.

This message hearing—thus replied young Dash,  
Friend Tom—tell your mistress I much her  
thank,

As my disorder's only want of cash,  
To let her drafts be on the Merchant's bank.

JACOBUS.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

The "Old Bachelor" was received too late for  
this week's paper, he shall be attended to in our  
next number.

We thank "Alfenus" for his first favours, and  
shall be happy to be further obliged to him.

We must remind "Aurelia" of her promise—  
her favours are of too much consequence to be  
lightly dispensed with.

**SATURDAY, JULY, 11.**

To note the passing tidings of the times.

From Washington we learn that the executive  
have resolved to call Congress to meet on the 25th  
of October next; to send the schooner *Revenge*,  
with dispatches to our ministers at the Court of  
St. James; that no retaliation take place till her  
return; but in the mean time the seaports to be  
fortified, 50 gun-boats to be prepared, and 100,000  
Militia to be embodied for immediate service.

We hear our Governor received yesterday a  
requisition for 15,000 men, as their quota for this  
state, to be embodied immediately.

*True American.*

We understand that General Claiborne, and  
Nathan Clark fought a duel about three weeks  
ago, in the Spanish territory, within 75 miles of  
New Orleans; in which the former was severely  
wounded.

General Jonathan Dayton set out a few days  
since for Richmond, in Virginia, in order to in-  
vite a trial as speedily as possible, upon the charges  
exhibited against him by the Grand Jury there.  
This prompt and voluntary submission, and his  
own unequivocal assurances, justify the conviction  
in the minds of his very numerous friends,  
that his actions and motives have been entirely  
misunderstood, and that the result of his trial will  
wipe away every imputation.

Mr. Fox, Naval Constructor for the U. States,  
at Washington arrived at Norfolk Tuesday se-  
night, with twenty ship-wrights, and mast ma-  
kers, to expediate the refitment of the Chesapeake  
frigate.

There has been no communication with the  
British squadron in Lynnhaven-bay, for some  
days. This squadron begins to feel some serious

inconvenience from the want of water, and fresh  
provisions.

*Norfolk Ledger, July 8.*

A letter has been received in town from capt.  
Decatur, dated July 4th, from which it appears  
that the British Commodore, Douglas, had re-  
quested supplies of water and provisions, and in  
case of refusal, had threatened to take them by  
force.—That the port of Norfolk was declared in  
a state of blockade, and that the British squad-  
ran took every vessel they fell in with.

Deaths in this city during the last week.—Men  
10, Women 6, Boys 6, Girls 1.—Total 23.—  
One of the number, was Mr. Abraham Moore,  
at the great age of 102 years.

**MARRIED.**

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Ly-  
ell, Archibald Kerly, Esq. to Miss Margaret  
Miller, both of this city.

On Sunday last, at Middletown, N. J. by the  
rev. Mr. Bennet, capt. Wm. S. Brooks, of Bos-  
ton, to Miss Eleanor Furman.

On Thursday evening, 2d inst. by the rev. Mr.  
Williams, Mr. William Lapaley, to Miss Mary  
Williams.

Same day, at Newtown, L. I. by the rev. Mr.  
Clark, Mr. John Byrd, to Miss Phoebe Cock,  
daughter of Mr. Benjamin Cock, of Flushing.

*Just Published,*  
*By D. Longworth, at the Shakespeare Gallery,*  
**FALSE ALARMS.**

A  
**COMIC OPERA,**

IN  
**THREE ACTS.**

*Performed*

*At the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.*

BY JAMES KENNEY.

*At the same place may be had,*

**TEKELI;**

OR,

**THE SIEGE OF MONGATZ.**

A MELO DRAMA,

*In three Acts.*

*As performed at the theatre Royal, Drury-*  
*Lane.*

WRITTEN BY

**THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, ESQ.**

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFAC-**  
**TORY.**

JOHN BUTLER, begs leave to inform the  
ladies and gentlemen of this city that he has open-  
ed a store for the manufacture and sale of Musi-  
cal Wind Instruments, at No. 2, Courtland-street,  
where he shall always have on hand a variety of  
PATENT FLAGELETS, which are so easily  
played that any lady or gentleman may, in a few  
minutes, acquire a proficiency. He has also Flutes  
of the first quality, from 1 dollar to 100 dollars  
each. Merchants supplied with all kinds of Mi-  
litary Musical Instruments for exportation.  
*July 4.*



For the Lady's Miscellany.

### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

It happen'd that a silly fly one day,  
Around a spider's web began to play,  
Unconscious of the crafty subtle snare  
The cunning spider had been weaving there,  
Until the little simpleton, at last  
Found both his legs and wings completely fast;  
He strove to free himself, and strove again,  
But all his feeble strivings were in vain.

The spider who had nothing eat all day  
Ran quickly up to seize his wish'd-for prey.  
The fly perceiv'd him coming on a trot,  
And thought he run so fast to help him out;  
But ah! how was he disappointed when  
He saw the cruel spider help him in;  
No longer from his rage he could refrain,  
And to the spider spake in this high strain:  
"And is it thus you your assistance lend  
"O spider, to thy harmless suffering friend?  
"Who never have done any harm to thee!  
"I trust my fate avenges me will right soon,  
"Of this inhuman deed which you have done,"  
He said, and gasping once or twice for breath,  
Gave up his life into the arms of death.

ALFENUS.

Princeton, July, 1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### RETIREMENT.

WHERE spreading oaks and shady willows grow;  
Where pleasant streams in gentle murmurs flow;  
Where warbling birds sing sweet melodious strains,  
And with their notes enliven all the plains;  
Where plenty fruits of every kind abound;  
Where also flowers of every sort are found;  
Where the spontaneous, rich, and fertile soil,  
Yields copious crops of grain, with little toil;  
Where war is never heard, or noise or strife;

Where nothing can annoy the peace of life;  
Where every object calculates to please  
The man of solitude, the man of ease;  
There let me live, secluded and unknown;  
There let me die, and none my death bemoan.

ALFENUS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### STANZAS.

WHEN every wish and thought was thine,  
What tender transports have I known;  
Then every wish and joy was mine,  
But all my heart was then your own.

Nay, had you not your vows renew'd,  
And press'd me as you us'd to press;  
With all your wonted friendship sued,  
I ne'er had known I lov'd you less.

When last you prais'd my spark'ling eyes,  
I all the flattering tale forgot;  
My heart, unpractic'd in disguise,  
Convinc'd me then I lov'd you not.

But when that witching voice I hear,  
And hear the flute's soft warbling strain—  
Ah, then I fear, too justly fear  
My heart will all be thine again.

Washington City, June  
1807.

JANE C. C. C.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art  
In passion's moment breath'd to me;  
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,  
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,  
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh  
With all the warmth of truth imprest;  
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,  
Upon thy lip its sweets would die,  
Or bloom to make a rival blest.

Take back the vows that, night and day,  
My heart receiv'd I thought from thine;  
Yet, no—allow them still to stay,  
They might some other heart betray,  
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine.

J. R. C.

### INDIFFERENCE.

WHY, what are woman's frowns to me,  
Her nods and wry grimaces?  
I care not for them all you see,  
Nor court her fond embraces.

Let others, slaves to beauty, prize  
A fair one's kind advances;  
Think truth exists in both her eyes,  
And smiles in all her glances.

Soon, soon they'll curse the syren's wiles,  
And rashness so ill-fated;  
That made them slaves to woman's smiles,  
And looks by Cupid baited.

Love once indeed for me had charms,  
But now far off he hies him;  
I laugh at all his fond alarms,  
And carelessly despise him.

My heart again shall never feel  
What beauty strives to teach it;  
I'll ease it round with triple steel,  
And love shall never reach it.

.....

### TO A YOUNG LADY,

On her expressing her admiration of Fontenelle's  
"plurality of worlds."

While you, dear girl, with rapture dwell  
On world-creating Fontenelle,  
Think that the purpose of thy birth,  
Was to be pleas'd, and please on earth.

For me, was Fontenelle's each world  
To chaos and to ruin hur'd,  
To all I'd gladly bid adieu,  
And seek a paradise in you:  
Nor would I ask in moon or star  
What rivers or what mountains are,  
While I could all-enraptur'd sip  
Nectarious juices from thy lip.  
With thee, dear girl, I'd fondly prove  
The dear delights of virtuous love.

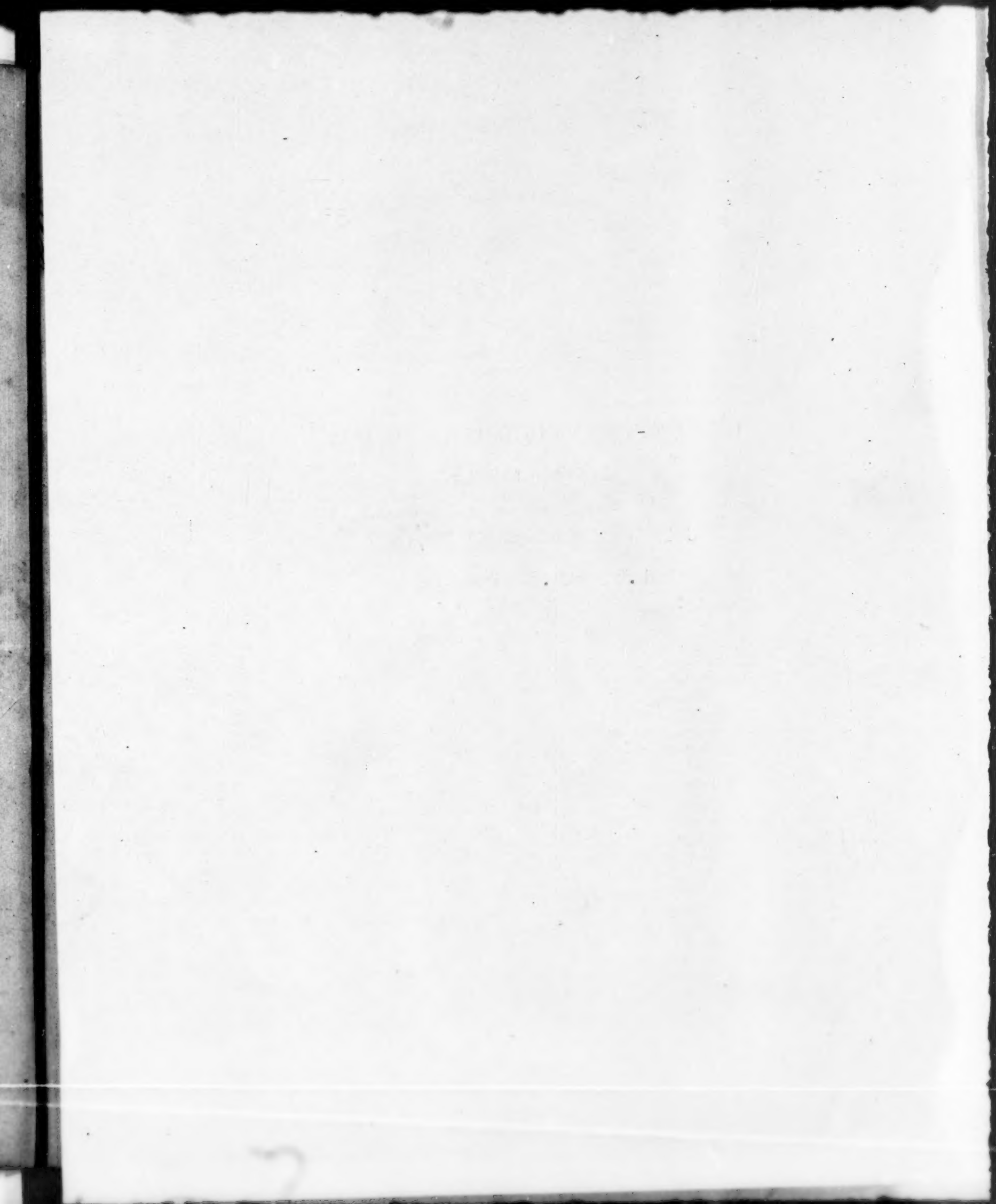
Love then, dear girl! and when stern fate  
Shall put a period to our date,  
To all his world's I'll gladly rove  
With thee in every orb to love.

### TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

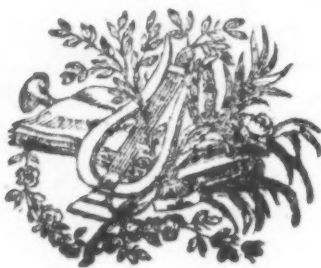
To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year.  
To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, 149, PEARL STREET.









*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### CUPID AND PSYCHE.

WITH cheeks bedew'd with drops of pearl,  
Sad Psyche sought the grove,  
Where she her tresses used to curl  
With Innocence and Love.

Sweet Modesty, a rural maid,  
O'ertook the weeping Fair;  
Ask'd why in loose attire she stray'd,  
And why diffused her hair?

I, Cupid seek o'er hill and dell,  
From me the god is fled;  
And what's the cause I cannot tell,  
He shuns the nuptial bed.

Dry up thy tears, and cease to moan,  
Returned the Sylvan chaste;  
Accept of me this magic zone,  
And bind it round thy waist.

Tie up thy locks, thy dress improve,  
And soon this change thou'lt see;  
Psyche shall cease to follow Love,  
And Love shall follow thee.

The zone about her waist she ties,  
Each tress a ringlet flows;  
Her bosom hid from vulgar eyes;  
Each cheek displays a rose.

Now in the stream surveys her face,  
And smiles at charms so fair;  
The while she studied every grace,  
Love came and found her there.

Enraptur'd to her arms he flew,  
With joy she bless'd the change;  
Improv'd the cause from whence it grew,  
And Love forgot to range.

Ye wedded dames, my hint descry,  
Nor blame the friendly part,  
The slattern makes the Lover fly,  
While neatness chains the heart.

#### EMILY'S TOMB.

WHEN night threw her veil o'er the sky,  
And dews fell profusely around;  
When the screech-owls repeated their cry,  
And nought cheer'd the darkness profound;

Poor Adrian would frequently pace  
The church-yard, and wild with despair,  
The cold marble statue embrace,  
Of Emily, once called *The Fair*.

There oft would unburthen his mind,  
While phrenzied with anguish he'd rave;  
And load with deep sighs the rude wind,  
That howl'd o'er his *Emily's Grave*.

But once he rush'd forth all-forlorn;  
The tempest was awfully dread;  
Yet its fury he treat'd with scorn,  
As it scowl'd and burst over his head.

Then Heaven kindly pitied his state,  
And his troubles and sorrows to end,  
Commanded the stern hand of fate  
The wandering wretch to befriend.

A flash from the thick clouded sky,  
Came wing'd with the *Maniac's* doom;  
Poor Adrian fell with a sigh,  
And sunk on his *Emily's tomb*.

The following delicate, sentimental, and pathetic Valedictory Address was spoken at the Boston theatre, by Miss Fox, a child of only five years old, on her Benefit night. It is from the pen of Robert T. Payne, jun. Esq.

[*W. Ins.*

Farewell, a long farewell! dear patrons, friends!  
This parting scene my infant bosom rends,  
For spite of all my joy to see you here,  
My heart will throb, and gush the frequent tear  
In you my foster parents I behold;  
Your kindness bade my tender mind unfold;  
Warm'd by your smiles you saw me sportive run,  
A little insect, fluttering in the sun;  
Urchin I am, but me you've always lov'd,  
My faults you pardon'd, and my tricks approv'd,  
My heart will break to be remov'd from you,  
And oh! my mother, she has lov'd you too.  
Full-well you know the faults of childish years;  
The bud must blossom e'er the fruit appears;  
And oft by smiling, you have seem'd to say,  
I'd grow a woman on a future day.  
And then some beau gallant my face might charm,  
"Heaven save the mark," these eyes may do  
some harm;

Oh! how I've long'd that I might older grow,  
To join this mimic world of joy and woe:  
And teach some future scene, with graceful ease  
To charm like Stanley, or like Powell please;  
But oh! these fairy prospects now are o'er,  
Farewell! perhaps we part to meet no more;  
Pardon a child, forgive her artless tears,  
She leaves the friends she loves, esteems, reveres,  
Whate'er in life may be my varied lot,  
Boston, dear Boston ne'er shall be forgot;  
Nor time shall bar, nor distance interfere,  
My heart shall still return to visit here;  
And if success attend my riper days,  
How proud I'll be to have deserved your praise.

Farewell!—a sad farewell! Sires, Guardians,  
Friends!  
May Heaven, whose bounty all our blessings  
sends,  
Pluck from *life's path* the thorn that would molest,  
And smooth death's pillow as you sink to rest!  
And then receive you, borne on white wing'd  
hours,  
Thro' opening clouds to joy's eternal bowers!

#### MARY.

NO more doth the song give delight,  
Ah! no more does the dance on the green;  
For Mary, who gladden'd each sight,  
Is no more on these plains to be seen.

Her presence divine does no more  
Add a charm to each streamlet and grove;  
Oh who will her image restore,  
When again Larga's vale will she rove.

The queen of the valley was she,  
How the sylphs hover'd round when she smil'd,  
Her converse delighted. Ah me!  
Like enchantment the moments beguif'd,

O return, and the meadows will smile,  
Then the rose bud will shew its perfume;  
The swains will with joy leap the while,  
And gay Plæbus again will illumine.

For thou art the joy of each heart,  
The delight of each nymph, and each swain;  
Thy presence will transport impart,  
Joy shall bound, and evanish will pain,

#### TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year.  
To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, 149, PEARL STREET.